

Tom Waits, (Looking For) The Heart Of Saturday

<lyrics>

Now you gassed her up
Behind the wheel
With your arm around your sweet one
In your Oldsmobile
Barrelin' down the boulevard
You're lookin' for the heart of Saturday Night

An' you got paid on Friday
Your pockets a-jinglin'
Then you see the lights
An' you get all tinglin'
Cause you're cruisin' with a six
And you're lookin' for the heart of Saturday Night

Then you comb your hair
You shave your face
Tryin' to wipe out every trace
Of all the other days
In the week
You know that this will be the Saturday
You're reachin' your peak

Stoppin' on the red
Goin' on the green
Cause tonight will be like nothing you've ever seen
And you're barreling down the boulevard
And you're looking for the heart of Saturday Night

And tell me is it the crack of the pool balls
Neon buzzing
Telephone's ringing it's your second cousin
An' is it the barmaid that's smiling
In the corner of her eye
Magic of the melancholy tear in your eye

Makes it kind a quiver
Down in the core
Cause your dreaming of them Saturdays that came before
And now you're stumbling
You're stumbling onto the Heart of Saturday Night

And you gassed her up
And you're behind the wheel
With your arm around your sweet one
In your Oldsmobile
Barreling down the boulevard
You're looking for the heart of Saturday night

Is it the crack of the pool balls
Neon buzzing
Telephone's ringing it's your second cousin
And the barmaid that's smilin'
In the corner of her eye
Magic of the melancholy tear in your eye

Makes it kind a special
Down in the core
And your dreamind of them Saturdays that came before
It's found you stumbling
Stumbling onto the Heart of Saturday Night
And you're stumbling
Stumbling onto the heart of Saturday Night